

# ATLANTIC GUARDIAN

THE MAGAZINE OF



NEWFOUNDLAND



- WHAT ART SCAMMELL MISSED IN TORONTO
- PLACES "WHERE THE FISHERMEN GATHER"
- CAPTAIN WHITELEY'S "KEYS OF ST MARY'S"

APRIL—MAY, 1954 VOL. XI, NO. 3

TWENTY CENTS

# Fashion Finery For Women.....



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Atlantic Guardian is printed and published by Guardian Limited, 96 Water Street, St. John's, Nfld., Canada. Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa. Subscription rates, \$2.00 a year anywhere in the world. (Newfoundland subscribers add 3% S.S.A. tax). Single copies 29c.

# Atlantic Guardian

## THE MAGAZINE OF NEWFOUNDLAND

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Picture Credits: Page 5—Don Ryan; Pages 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19—Newfoundland Federation of Fishermen; Page 23—Samuel J. Ryan.

### Atlantic Guardian's Platform

- To make Newfoundland better known at home and abroad;
- To promote trade and travel in the Island;
- To encourage development of the Island's natural resources;
- To foster good relations between Newfoundland and her neighbors.

**Cover Picture:** The word "Kellick" is not found in Webster's Dictionary but the home-made wooden grapnel—or anchor—is a very familiar item of the Newfoundland fisherman's equipment. And plenty of "Kellicks" are being made in the island province right now. (See page 3). Photo by Don Ryan.



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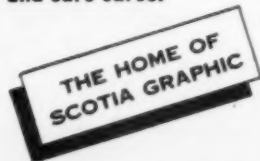
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## • A "FISHY" ISSUE

THE pages in front of you are well loaded with "fishy" stories, poetry and pictures, which perhaps is not out of order considering that this is the time of year when preparation for the codfishery begins.

As this is written, however, doubt exists in the minds of many of our fishermen as to whether they will be able to go back into the fishing boat this year—without knowing beforehand that the prices will be firm and satisfactory.

Our guess is that, despite uncertainty of prices (which may be cleared up by the time this gets into print), more Newfoundland fishermen will have their nets and boats into the water this year than for some years back. For one thing, construction jobs, notably those arising out of defence projects, will be fewer and harder to get.

No doubt right now, many thousands of fishermen are getting ready for this year's "voyage," putting boats and gear in order—and making "kellicks" in the manner and fashion described by Don Ryan in the paragraphs below:

### • *It's Kellick-making Time*

KELICK making is a part of the preparation that goes into salmon fishing, and fishermen in many villages along our coast are now busy making those inexpensive wooden grapnels with which to moor their nets and traps off shore.

Here's how a kellick is made. You cut out two pieces of wood, shaping it like the runners of a rocking chair. Then you saw a small sectional piece out of each, fit one claw across the other, and hammer them firmly together with wooden pegs.

In each arm a short distance from the centre you drill a hole to support a small rod. In between

the space of those four rods, you place three or four rocks, piling them up like a pyramid.

Four other rods are then nailed to the wooden claws and all are brought together at the top where they are held firmly by a band of withe-rod, a tough flexible band of the willow tree, locally called 'the widdy'.

Thus, the time honored kellick is ready for the fastening on of the 'moorin', the rope that holds the trap fast to it.

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Cape Freels is the postal address; and two settlements make up —

## Cape Cove

By DON RYAN

**J**UST inside the low scrubby point of land which separates Bonavista Bay from Notre Dame is a wind-swept, storm-lashed, and sand-fringed fishing village—Cape Cove.

It's really two villages linked together by a mile or more of low sandy beach. Midway on the curve of sand is the little community church a few yards out of reach of the lashing waves which often roll into the cove in the fall and winter.

Officially, the settlements are known as Cape Freels North and South but locally they are Cape

Cove and have a postal address—Cape Freels.

In both villages there are about 280 fisherfolk who live very close together with very little land separating one dwelling from the next. The main garden plots are on the outskirts of the settlements and folks grow more vegetables than they need. Potatoes and turnips are the chief crops. They experiment very little with the small seeds.

The sandy soil yields good crops of hay and fishermen cut enough to feed their horses during the winter.



Horses are used for pulling firewood from the country some twelve miles distant. Only one load can be made in a day. Even to do this, the men have to leave around five in the morning in order to arrive back home before sunset.

Besides horses, residents keep a few sheep, but no goats or dogs.

Cod fishing is carried on extensively here. Crew fishermen work two or three traps and usually make fairly good catches. A season's voyage may average between two and three hundred quintals. They set no salmon nets, but are quite busy hauling lobster pots during the salmon season.

Cape Cove is not sheltered very much from the storms and when a north-easter blows in from the vast expanse of ocean the little fishing craft have to be taken from their "collar" and pulled ashore.

In the early spring the northern ice jams this part of the coast, but rarely does it bring any seals within walking distance of the shore. The spring before last was an exceptional one, however, landsmen were kept busy for two days. Some earned over a hundred dollars in that short time.

Just back of the village is a vast stretch of barren country that levels out into acres and acres of marshland. Bakeapples and marshberries grow abundantly. Partridge berries and blueberries are also plentiful on the barrens. Plentiful too are wild game, such as partridge, geese, and black ducks.

Just in on the flat country from the cove is a large pond where geese flock in the fall. Cape Cove residents can sit in their houses and watch the geese alighting on the pond, and by casting their gaze to seawards they can see flocks of turrs and eider ducks winging their way across the cape.

This village is one of the oldest settlements along the shore and has been inhabited for more than a century and a quarter. Some of the early settlers were young men who had come out from the Old Country as apprentices.

More settlers moved in two winters ago when the residents of nearby Cape Island pulled their houses across the neck and set them up in Cape Freels North. The drifting sand, which forced the residents out of Cape Island, is also present at the Cape but it is not a threat to the fishermen there.

Ever since the first settler put in his little craft on the sands of Middle Bill or Cape Cove until the 20th of July, two summers ago, the village of Cape Freels has been in isolation. On that day a spur road from the main highway, linking Wesleyville and Lumsden, was pushed through to the village, and residents are now only minutes away from relatives and friends in Newtown, Wesleyville, and Lumsden.

"This motor road," said one of the villagers, "is one of the greatest blessings ever to come to this place."



## Letters to The Editor

Editor, Atlantic Guardian:

In your latest issue is to be noted what I believe to be an error; it is in Mr. Scammell's interesting record of his visit to some friends in Toronto.

He uses the expression hang-a-shore. This I feel sure should be Hangin Shore, because I well remember as a boy I heard it frequently used and so pronounced. The origin of the expression is founded on the condition of a "shore" or upright used in supporting a wharf, because these "shores become separated at the surface of the water by small insect action eating away the wood.

The piece above the waterline becomes a burden to that which it, at one time supported and the expression was used to indicate a useless person, who had become a dependent on others; a *Hangin' Shore*.

It is of course no great matter but I feel that our peculiar Newfoundland, manners of speech should be preserved as accurately as possible.

I've been taking *Atlantic Guardian* from its first issue and welcome its arrival with more pleasure than any other magazine, and although I've been living in Montreal for the past 65 years I have still a lively recollection of home, and welcome everything about it.

—CHARLES ADAMS.

Montreal, P. Q.

Editor, Atlantic Guardian:

I am a constant reader of your publication and believe it is the one and only Newfoundland Magazine, *A. G.*

APRIL—MAY, 1954

ranks first among all periodicals of this country.

Here's hoping it will grow and grow and become a *Must* in every home in our Province.

—CLARENCE GOODLAND.

Elliston, T. B.

Editor, Atlantic Guardian:

I feel that I should write to thank you for publishing the article "Scenes from Home" in the January—February number of *Atlantic Guardian*.

As I never had the opportunity to advance beyond Grade Eight at school, I did not realize that the article would have any public appeal. Illiterate as I am, I think it wonderful to have my name listed with those of such illustrious Newfoundlanders as Art Scammell and the others.

I always have been and always will be a staunch supporter of *Atlantic Guardian*.

After reading it from cover to cover I always mail it to my brother in the U. S. A., whom incidentally, I have never seen.

May the grand little magazine long flourish to carry it's messages about Newfoundland and Newfoundlanders.

—RAYMOND AYERS.

Corner Brook.

Editor, Atlantic Guardian:

Please renew Robert Taylor's subscription. My husband was born in Newfoundland, but has lived in New Hampshire for over 35 years. He is the late Edgar Taylor's son and was

born in Change Islands, Notre Dame Bay.

If it is possible, I wish you would put a picture of Change Islands in the A. G. sometime.

—MRS. ROBERT TAYLOR.  
North Wease, N. H., U. S. A.

(Editor's note: We did—in the December, 1953, issue).

Dear Art Scammell:

In a somewhat recent issue  
Of the A. G. magazine,  
A certain of your writings  
By most of us was seen.

'Twas not the one in verse form,  
'Bout de crock a jam,  
(Fair makes me drool to read that one,  
For that's my favorite brand).

No, the other one is what I mean,  
Concerning your own clan,  
And how you spent last Christmas  
With the b'ys from Newfoundland.

Your visit to Camp Borden  
With the Reverend and his wife,  
Is one you may remember  
A long way through your life.

But your visit to Toronto,  
Brief though it may have been,  
Apparently lacked something  
For which you had a yen.

Now, I am unaware, sir,  
Of where you hung your hat,  
But 'twas within the city limits  
I'm pretty sure of that.

Too bad you weren't acquainted  
With other Newfies 'round,  
But perhaps next time you'll visit  
A different part of town.

"A real Change Islands Christmas,"  
Was what you said you had,  
Except for a few mummers  
To make the season glad.

It seems a little odd to me  
That your Change Islands friends  
Would overlook a point like that  
And not make some amends.

Had we but been acquainted  
With Janet or with Ed,  
We'd have dropped around and filled  
the bill—  
Bet you'd have all dropped dead!

Yes, four of us went mummering  
In fair Toronto city,  
Equipped with comb and mouth-organ  
To play our favorite ditty.

We had to go in style, of course,  
And an Austin came to hand,  
And proudly on its bumper  
Was the licence — NEWFOUND-  
LAND.

We had bells upon our fingers  
And scrim around our face,  
And had the cops laid hold on us  
We'd all been in disgrace.

We meandered 'round from house to  
house  
And played YOUR favorite song,  
Though some TORONTO people  
Must have wondered what was  
wrong.

We didn't have a "carjo"  
To stretch across our knee,  
But there was lots of volume  
In the comb that was off key.

They came across with "Christmas"  
Every place we went,

Know what we got in one house?  
Yes sir,—HOT PEPPERMINT.

They made it rather strong at first,  
Fair took our breath away,  
A glutch or two of that and we'd  
Been "out" till Judgement Day.

They vamped it down—a lo-ng way  
down,  
Split a cup in four parts,  
And did it ever warm up  
The cockles of our hearts.

Yes, too bad, Mr. Scammell,  
You missed out on the fun,  
For the things that you were lacking  
Were certainly being done.

Perhaps some other Christmas  
You'll be around once more,  
So watch out for the mummers  
From your dear native shore.

And if you see us staggering,  
And looking glarey-eyed,  
We'll prove that it's from "PEPPER-  
MINT."  
If you'll just pull up 'longside.

—ETHEL G. COURAGE  
Toronto, Ont.  
P. S.

A postscript must be added—  
We all should lift our veils—  
CHES BLACKWOOD—our Skipper,  
sir,  
Though his craft was minus sails.

DULCIE HICKS and FRANCES  
HICKS,  
Both from Bonavis,  
I hail from Catalina,  
The nicest place there is.

APRIL—MAY, 1954

Come Back, Ron, Come Back  
Where's Ron. Pollet, the funny man?  
The "Guardian's" best beloved fan,  
His stories of comic lore  
Made us giggle till we were sore.  
Come back Ron, come back.

Those stories of your boyhood's day  
About your home built out o'er the  
Bay,  
And all about your Newfoundland.  
Away out there by the Arctic breezes  
fanned.  
Come back Ron, come back.

Tell us again of how you played  
Ere the happy mem'ries completely  
fade,  
Feed us more of the literary wine  
Come back again for "Auld lang syne."  
Come back again Ron, come back.

—DAISY MAE BILLINGS.

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# A'birding On The West Coast

By ROBERT W. WAGNER

ONE morning in March, 1951, five Americans from Ithaca, New York, clustered along the deck of the *Cabot Strait* and strained their eyes to catch a first sight of Newfoundland. A hump of black rock appeared through the fog. Then steep bluffs loomed up on either side and the land swelled out behind. The sun melted through the fog and revealed a scene of rustic simplicity and beauty.

As the boat glided into the harbor of Port aux Basques several of the Americans produced binoculars and examined the gulls that wheeled and screamed on all sides. For these five were ornithologists... students of bird life... and had come all the way from Ithaca's Cornell University over the Easter recess just to see Newfoundland birds.

After the boat had been secured they toted ashore all their boxes, packs, and sacks of which there was an amazing number. There was some trouble: a dish broke, a can of applesauce fell and rolled into the water. But in due time the chore was accomplished.

The Port aux Basque people stared at them curiously, didn't quite know what to make of them, and were torn between an inclination to gape in wide-eyed wonder, and to laugh as at a comedy.

About the time all the gear had been settled, a smallish, bespectacled man with a pleasant smile came forward and introduced himself.

"I'm Leslie Tuck, Dominion Wild Life Officer; I believe you're the Americans who corresponded with me."

After introductions were over Mr. Tuck glanced critically at their array of baggage, then asked where they were going to stay.

"Oh, we're going to sleep out," said a spokesman.

Mr. Tuck's smile deepened into a grin:

"It's a bit cold for that sort of thing, isn't it?"

No one seemed to be sure if it was or wasn't.

"Do you have a tent or a stove?"

No, it was confessed, they didn't.

However, Mr. Tuck thought a game warden friend of his at the nearby settlement of Doyles might help them out.

Before taking the train to Doyles they had some breakfast at a place on a hill overlooking the harbor. Here Mr. Tuck confided to them that this was the worst time of year for birds: "The winter birds have gone, the summer ones haven't arrived."

The warden's name was Mr. Hall and he kindly agreed to lend them a tent and a stove. His equally charitable wife proffered three loaves of delicious, freshly

baked bread. These were the highlights of each meal and were carefully apportioned out, for it quickly became evident that cooking was not a strong point with these Americans. However, extensive hikes through the forests and along the wind-swept bluffs honed sharp appetites so that even ordinary food was a joy to eat.

Long hours were spent in search of birds, particularly along the shores where the ocean droned ceaselessly and rolled endless lines of white-edged breakers over the rocks. Here they find some vantage point and peer at the sea birds milling about in flocks just off shore. But although new birds were found, it appeared on the whole as if Mr. Tuck had been right . . . this was not the best time of the year to find them.

Far pastures always look greener, so it was natural that in the midst of these wanderings their eyes should often drift off to the south, to a range of black mountains shrouded in mists. A white snow

creased and glazed the summits, a snow so white as to dazzle the imagination, especially when the sunlight sifted through the clouds and struck full upon it.

There were many stories about these mountains. It was said there were endless barrens up there leading back into the interior . . . lonely plains inhabited by such creatures as caribou and the white, partridge-like bird called ptarmagin. None of the boys had seen ptarmagin; this was not an opportunity to be overlooked.

Mr. Tuck was approached with the idea of going to the mountains. He consented to take them there. The next morning all were loaded into a homemade bus and transported to the village of Tompkins, a charming place along the banks of the Grand Codroy River and right under the brow of the mountains.

Late that same morning the ornithologists began the long trek up the steep slopes. It became longer still when they missed the trail and had to fight the ranks of spruce and



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alder all the way up. But finally they struggled up on the summit, where they were able to look back with wonder upon the distant blue ocean, the green forests, and the brown fields through which the Grand Codroy River coiled like a silver snake.

But then our heroes turned and were swallowed up in a misty world of cold, naked barrens, where the wind howled and pierced the senses, then moaned softly and lulled them to a sleep-like quietness. But always in rage or calm the wind swirled a powdered snow to the earth. It was a strange, empty world without dimension or distance.

They stopped to rest and consider their plans, on a ridge overlooking a deep little valley centered with a blue lake.

Mr. Tuck and one American decided upon a descent into the valley. The others were to explore along the barrens, always taking care to remain within sight of the ridge.

The second party found ptarmagin prints in the snow. They followed them until everybody had forgotten that a ridge even existed. After a long chase two big fluffy-white birds were flushed from a patch of alder brush.

More tracks were discovered and eventually more ptarmagin. After a dozen or so birds had been seen and one of them shot . . . they had a collector's license . . . someone suggested that it was about time to go back to the ridge, especially since it was getting dark. Naturally they could not find it.

Mr. Tuck and his companion waited along the ridge until it was

quite dark, then decided to return to Tompkins . . . and hoped the others had found a way down by another route.

At the home of the Tompkins, who were good friends of Mr. Tuck, there was apprehension when the pair returned alone.

"Found a dead man back on those barrens not too long ago," said one of the Tompkins boys.

"Gets mighty cold up there at night, and it's bad without food of any kind."

The Mountie at Port aux Basques was called, and there was even talk of sending for an airplane to search the place next morning. A searching party was organized with an old-time hunter and trapper at its head.

Next morning the searching party had reached the summit of the mountain when they were notified by gun shots and mirror flashes to return. The boys had arrived, somewhat the worse for wear, but substantially intact.

Another little valley had been discovered, and here they established a campsite for the night, roasting the ptarmagin over a fire and eating it. Next morning they followed a small stream to the Grand Codroy River and found their way back to Tompkins.

The next evening the visiting ornithologists took the train to Port aux Basques and caught the steamboat to Nova Scotia. A few days later they were back in their classrooms at Cornell. None of them will ever forget that brief but exciting trip to Newfoundland. I know I will not.



These are some of the places in Newfoundland

# "Where the Fishermen Gather"

(Reprinted from "The Newfoundland Fisherman," March, 1954)



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# Luke and Adam

By CLARENCE GOODLAND

(Composed in boyhood days)

Luke and Adam bought for fishin',  
On the bay which was their haunts,  
A six horse-power Hubbard engine,  
That they felt supplied their wants.

Luke and Adam fixed the engine  
To the bottom of the boat;  
Then they launched the new contraption,  
Their Leviathan, afloat.

Luke and Adam went next morning  
To the wharf to fishing go,  
Boarded on the motor vessel,  
Packed their luggage down below.

Luke and Adam swung the wheel  
Of the engine with full strength;  
Tish-tish-tish-tish, then a sputter,  
Flashed a spark, and on it went.

Luke and Adam slipped the collar,  
Swung the tiller, headed south  
To the seaward for a trial  
How the motor would make out.

Luke and Adam lolled on gangboard,  
Lighted up their pipes of wood;  
Satisfaction is a comfort;  
How the engine pops so good.

Luke and Adam peered their eyes out  
For the marks of fishing ground;  
Where the other fishers caught them,  
To the westward of the sound.

Luke and Adam chuckled softly,  
How the rowing punts they beat,  
Now to anchor on the favorite  
Spot for fishing of the fleet.

Luke and Adam swerved the tiller,  
Slirted round the berth a bit;  
Take a turn or two out of her,  
There is time to anchor yet.

Luke and Adam then decided  
To drop anchor on the rock;  
But to their sad consternation  
Could not make the engine stop.

Luke and Adam grabbed the wheel,  
Oakum stuffed in watercocks,  
Took the hardgrease from the couplings,  
Peered within the battery box.

Luke and Adam threw on water,  
Scrubbed their boots against the wheel,  
Threw salt water on the oil can,  
But the engine pop-poped still.

Luke and Adam were in panic,  
Frightened as it still went pop,  
Though they'd broken or forgotten  
Beastly part that made it stop.

Luke and Adam in their terror  
Knew of nothing now to do,  
Since they couldn't stop the engine,  
But to steam back o'er the Blue.

Luke and Adam madly turned her  
In their haste to reach the dock,  
Where they'd hire an engineer to  
Come aboard and make her stop.

Luke and Adam swore quite softly  
As they met each rowin' boat;  
And they had some sinkin' feelings,  
Like two asses there afloat.

Luke and Adam headed homeward,  
And the wharf soon came in sight;  
But the welcome friendly wharfhead  
Filled them with an awful fright.

Luke and Adam, pale as ghosts,  
Like condemned men on the block;  
Gazed and gazed at the old wharfhead;  
How'n the world we're goin' to stop.

Luke and Adam, desperate men now,  
Stem-head straight for wharfhead  
bound;  
'Fore they reached it courage failed  
them,

So they turned her right around.  
Luke and Adam on the gang-board,  
Like two kids on merry-go-round,  
Articulating, gesticulating,  
Each resembling a clown.

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Luke and Adam cursed the engine,  
Cursed the gods that made it pop,  
Cursed the wheel for always turning,  
Cursed the why it wouldn't stop.

Luke and Adam in their frenzy  
Headed once more out to sea,  
Then again toward the shoreline,  
Back and forth like busy bee.

Luke and Adam at their wits ends,  
And exhausted gave it up;  
Suddenly the heated engine  
Gave a one tremendous pop.

Luke and Adam jumped to safety  
In the waters of the Deep;  
Sure the Devil had the engine  
Which they vowed he now could keep.

Luke and Adam now for shoreline  
Swam for safety as brave men,  
Whence they viewed the now still  
motor,  
Which they'd never touch again.

Luke and Adam sold the motor,  
Holding auction on the bank;  
He who bought the six-pow'r'd Hub-  
bard  
Threw the switch and filled the tank.



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"Uncle Gil" Shinner and his home at Smith's Harbor where he was—

## ***Eighty Years a Fisherman***

By **SAMUEL J. RYAN**

**W**ITH very little to eat and wear, and often without any boots on my feet, I took my place in my father's boat at the age of nine," says Uncle Gilbert Shinner of Smith's Harbor. Uncle Gill has been a fisherman for over eighty years.

Smith's Harbor, a well sheltered fishing settlement of some one hundred and fifty people, is situated near the lumbering and logging settlement of Burlington, on the northeast coast of Newfoundland.

Uncle Gill was born at Smith's Harbor in 1864, where he has spent all his life, never moving away to any other area seeking employment. When he was a boy he lived in a very crude hut called a tilt. "A tilt," says Uncle Gill, "is a poorly constructed log cabin with only one window, and a door, and a open fire place where the family

meals were prepared. It was very smokey and dingy, but to me it was a home, although far different from the modern homes of today."

For eighty-one years Uncle Gill has been a fisherman, and during that time he has learned all that there is to know about cod, traps, trawls, the best fishing grounds, and the building of boats.

"It's not fishing now," says Uncle Gill, "all you have to do is sit in your fishing boat and modern conveniences take you to the fishing grounds. From boyhood to manhood I had to take a twelve foot oar, when there wasn't a favorable wind, and row to and from the fishing grounds, two or three miles off shore."

Uncle Gill is a master boat builder and at the age of seventeen built his first fishing boat. Since then he has helped build many boats. At the age of eighty-three

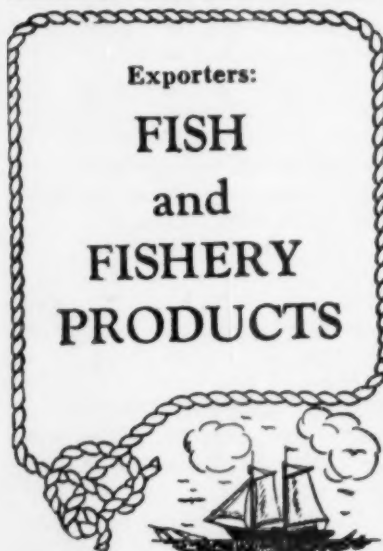
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he built his last boat, which is now being used by his sons.

Uncle Gill is also a good hunter, and at the end of each fishing season, he would prepare for the country where he spent most of his time, staying for weeks at a time. He took with him his six-foot muzzle loader "Old Musket", a good supply of ammunition, and food, and while in the forest lived in huts of boughs and wood. These he had scattered all over the neighboring forest. He was the best hunter in Smith's Harbor during his hunting days. On one occasion, meeting a herd of caribou, he killed six and wounded another with six shots.

He gave up hunting when age prevented him travelling long distances; but he carried on fishing, and last summer fished with his sons, going out several times. He has good eyesight, is still active and well, and when he did not go fishing he went down on a high hill overlooking the sea and there for hours watched his sons and other fisherman, with the aid of a spy glass.

A visitor to this little northern fishing settlement could not walk its roads without meeting with this grand old Newfoundland fisherman. If you do not find him on the roads you will find him in the linen store helping his sons to prepare the cod traps for this year's fishing season.

Once having met Uncle Gill Shinner you will always remember him, for he can entertain you for hours with stories of boyhood days that go back farther than most of us care to remember—if we could.

ATLANTIC GUARDIAN

# ***The Codroy Valley***

By **HELEN WINDSOR**

**T**O the farmer the Codroy Valley means the most fertile land on the Island; to the merchant it means the place where he gets some of his fresh vegetables; to the sportsman it means paradise, and to the townweary office worker it means peace. The Codroy Valley is all of this and more.

The industry of the Valley is mostly farming. Some farmers have large areas of timberland as well as farmland. One farmer has over 900 acres while others have only a few well-cultivated acres. At Doyles there is a Demonstration Farm owned by George Cormier. On this farm Mr. Cormier and his two sons do research work on fertilizers and crops to determine the ones best suited to this climate.

Many of the farmers have saw-mills of their own, and a few have large lumber businesses. The farmers have a Society through which they sell their produce—the Codroy Valley Farmers' Society.

There are two rivers running through the Valley, the Grand Codroy and the Little Codroy, better known as Grand River and Little River. These rivers are noted for their sport fishing. There have been many prize beauties taken from these rivers.

And for the sportsman who considers fishing too tame there's always a few moose, or a couple of bears, or a dozen or so lynx and even a few fox just waiting for an

unwary hunter. If these are too much for you, you can always go back to rabbits. Several outsiders have country houses in the Valley. These are occupied only during the summer.

The teen-agers and ex-teen-agers haven't as many entertainment problems as would be expected in a place with such a scattered population. There is a dance held every Friday or Saturday night. These dances are usually held in Gillis dance hall, which also doubles as a theatre. Pictures are shown at Great Codroy and St. Andrews twice weekly, Searston and Codroy once weekly. Music at dances is usually provided by local musicians.

Visitors have often commented on the musical ability of the people. It's a fact that it's hard to find a person there who can't play some instrument. Most popular person at local gatherings is usually old Allan MacArthur and his Bagpipes. He's one fellow who's hard to beat. Many people of the Valley are Scotch and naturally go for Scotch music.

On Sundays and holidays the Valley is crowded with picnickers from nearby Port-aux-Basques. A favorite picnic spot is Searston Beach. This beach has a wide expanse of sand and is an excellent place for swimming.

There are tourist cabins at Doyles for the use of visitors. The cab-

(Continued on page 27)

## REPRINT OF THE MONTH



(The Evening Telegram)

Eight years ago Joe Smallwood was still known to most people simply as "The Barrelman," and Peter Cashin was the only Canadian interested actively in Newfoundland politics. He had a weekly radio programme dedicated to the return of Responsible Government. Confederation still seemed as remote and unlikely as a Social Credit regime in Newfoundland would seem today. A few members of the Responsible Government League, a columnist in the Daily News, and the surviving members of the Upper House were about the only people with a lively concern about politics. The rest of us were still content to let sleeping dogs lie.

The eight years since the spring of 1946 have perhaps set a record for sustained political excitement. Although we little realized it then, we were upon the eve of some of the most stirring political events in our entire history. This columnist had occasion today to go back over some of the records of those late pre-Confederation years, and felt again, in retrospect, the excitement of political campaigns the like of which we never saw before and are unlikely to see again.

## Looking Backwards

By HAROLD HORWOOD

Do you remember the opening of the National Convention? The quiet dignity? The air almost of another Royal Commission preparing to deliberate over dusty-edged documents and bye and bye write a report? Do you recall the certainty which nearly all of us felt that this could be nothing more than a rather tiresome preliminary to the return of Responsible Government?

And then the bombshells that started to go off one by one—the first Smallwood speech—the debate on "the amendment to the amendment" where the pros and the antis had their first big clash—the sudden surge of the National Convention to the place of most popular radio programme in Newfoundland. One member collapsed on the floor and was never able to resume his seat. The first Chairman died. The second resigned. The third threatened several times to resign and was forced to call a recess because one faction of the membership refused to attend.

Out in the wings one day, the pros and the antis got into a scuffle and an innocent bystander was laid out cold as a mackerel by a haymaker that was intended for Joe Smallwood. Members got up on the floor and declared that they had been offered Senatorships as a bribe

to support the Confederates cause. They decided to send a delegation to London—another to Ottawa. One delegate wanted to send one to Washington, just for good measure, and to give members who had been left off the other two delegations their innings.

Do you remember the three-month stay of the Ottawa delegation in the Canadian Capital, while the majority of the Convention members sat in St. John's fuming and sometimes also frothing—how they demanded their return, and Chairman Gordon Bradley gave them the horse laugh? Do you recall the tense afternoon when the Convention reassembled and Bert Butt stood up to move Bradley out of the Chair only to be forestalled by a master stroke of strategy? Do you remember how the Convention then broke up in wild disorder with members screaming at one another in futile fury?

Confederation was laid to rest on the floor of the Convention but sprang up again the next day with a country-wide petition and the formation of the Newfoundland Confederate Association. Do you

remember the 101 Vice-Presidents of the Association? Then we had the Responsible Government League, the Young Voters, and Economic Union. Political campaigning reached a pitch it never reached before. Both sides hired aircraft regardless of cost, kept up a steady barrage of radio propaganda. Don Jamieson emerged as Smallwood's dangerous opponent. Newspapers were published in the scores of thousands giving one side of the picture (each) and scattered free through the length and breadth of the land. Loudspeakers blared at us from trucks, from boats and from planes flying overhead. The first referendum ended in no decision and we had a repeat performance.

It was really very wonderful. Those were the days. The days of the slim majority, the close fight, the court decision on a petition to set aside the ruling of the British and Canadian Governments—when the defeated party wore black ties in public. Compared to them, politics today seems a pretty poor show.

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## THE CODROY VALLEY

(Continued from page 25)

ins are on the banks of the Grand River, near the Codroy Bridge, which, by the way, is the longest bridge in Newfoundland.

The Codroy Valley is a favorite spot with visitors from near and

far. Many people who have visited the Valley have gone home and talked enthusiastically about the friendliness of the people. Yes, you'll always feel welcome in the Codroy Valley.



# The Keys of

*How far that little candle throws his beams*

By CAPT. G. C. WHITELEY, O.B.E.

TOM FEWER, of Harbor Main, was my mate and friend for thirty years. A warm-hearted Irishman Tom was fearless and good in all the years we were together up to the day he was killed. I never knew him to utter a falsehood. He was hauling a load of wood with a spirited young horse when the load tipped over on him, crushing his life out.

Sitting by the bed in the hospital where they brought him, I knew there was no hope from the first. We both knew it was the end.

We were talking of the many narrow escapes we had passed through on the sea, and it was hard to think that he had to be killed hauling a load of wood - - -

"The nearest time to death I remember," said Tom, "was when I was about eighteen years of age, before I came with you. I was shipped to a man from St. Mary's Bay named Con Sullivan. He owned a western boat of fifty tons. I was engaged for two summers and one winter and lived in his house

when we were on shore between trips to the banks. We were five in crew: the skipper and four men, with two dories. The skipper did the cooking; sometimes we all took turns at it. Sometimes we anchored on the banks. Sometimes we had a flying set and the skipper would sail the boat and pick us up.

"We passed the summer and at the end of the voyage we had a poor catch. Fish was scarce that year on the St. Mary's Bank and it looked as if there would be hungry people before winter passed. The same conditions were all over the Bay. People were poor and even the game (rabbits, partridge and such) seemed to have deserted the woods.

"It was Ash Wednesday, the beginning of Lent, and the family were sitting before the fire at the close of the day, when the door opened and a man slipped into the kitchen with the words, 'God save all here!' The skipper knew the man. His name was Mat Colloney, from one of the little coves a few miles away. The poor chap had a

# St. Mary's

*So shines a good deed in a naughty world.*

—Merchant of Venice—Act 5.

tale of woe: a large family and no food. The fishery, after the merchant had taken his share, had left very little for the winter. There was not a dollar to be earned. He asked Skipper Con if he would spare a pan of flour as he had not a crumb left.

"Con stood up and said, 'Well, Mat b'y, I am on the last barrel of flour, but half of it is yours.' A sack was found and the barrel of flour divided, and the man went on his way.

"The boat was made ready for the summer's work on May 1st., and three men shipped, making four, and the skipper, five, and she sailed for the banks.

"A look at the map showed a very dangerous breaker off the mouth of St. Mary's Bay. Many ships have been wrecked on that breaker. It is called on the map, The Keys. Two of the last ships to end their days there were the *S. S. Bloodhound* in 1918, total loss, crew saved, and the *S. S. Sam Blandford*. The *S. S. Newfoundland*

land was reclassified and made into a new ship in New York, at great expense, and her name changed to *Sam Blandford*.

"I do not think Newfoundland seamen are any more superstitious than other seamen. But we do believe it is courting disaster to change a ship's name. She was coming from New York to St. John's, making in on the land in dense fog. She ran over The Keys and that was the end of the *Sam Blandford*.

Tom continued his story.

"We fished on the banks and found fish plentiful. In three weeks we had a full load and bore up for home, with a light southwest wind. During the day it closed in, dense fog, with a fresh breeze. Skipper Con felt confident of his position and ran on, setting his course for Cape St. Mary's. As night came on with the darkness and dense fog it was difficult to see anything. Deeply laden, the boat made a big bow wave, a regular bone in her mouth.

"I took the wheel at twelve mid-

night. The other two men turned in and the fourth man on watch with me stood in the bow on look-out. The skipper was busy below, boiling a pot of tea.

"It was pitch dark. We were running wing and wing and it took me all my time to keep her on her course. I thought of that French song I had somewhere read—"The night was dark, like one black cat. The sea ran high and fast"—but somehow I could not overcome the feeling of dread that came over me, and I was glad when I saw the skipper coming aft—it was two-thirty a.m. 'Give me the wheel, Tom, and you go forward and get yourself a mug up—the kettle is boiling, and pass a mug up to Murphy who is on the look-out forward.' I went forward, poured myself a cup of tea, passed a mug up to Murphy and, taking my mug, sat down. I felt very uneasy. After awhile, I stood up and went to the hatchway and, half up and half down, I stood and looked aft.

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"As I looked, I saw the form of another man standing by the skipper. I could feel the hair rise on the back of my neck. What man was that? Turning around, I felt in the berth and touched the two sleeping men, counting to myself: one, two, myself three, Murphy, on look-out, four the skipper at the wheel, five. Where or what was that misty form standing beside the skipper?

"As I looked, I heard a shout. 'The Keys! The Keys! Hard down, for God's sake, hard down!' The skipper spun the wheel. The boat gave a lurch. The mainsail came over from the starboard to port with a bang, and there on the beam rose the white, roaring breaker. She passed by a hair's breadth. When it was over, only the skipper had the wheel; there was no sign of the form I had seen standing by him.

"Half afraid to go on deck, I waited a few minutes and then groped my way aft. As soon as I reached the wheel the skipper burst out, 'Well, boy! I was well paid for the half barrel of flour I gave the poor man last Ash Wednesday. Did you see the breaker rear up? My son! It was touch and go. He came and stood by me and let a screech out of him. 'Hard down Con! You are running on The Keys!' I spun the wheel. The mainsail came across with a bang and she shot clear. A narrow shave, Tom! Not a soul of us would have escaped.'

"It was too thick to make the light, but after a bit we heard the horn on the cape, and knew we

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would make the port. As daylight came, we entered the harbor and anchored. The light was burning in the house window and as the anchor splashed over, two girls came down to the beach and launched a dory. They came along side and Con and I went ashore.

"The women had been up all night. The boat was expected and the night so dark with the fog, the wife and girls had spent most of it on their knees praying for us.

"At breakfast a knock came and a man entered. 'Welcome home Skipper Con, with a good trip,' said the man. He added, 'I have been with poor Mat Colloney. He died during the night.' 'What time did he die?' asked Con. 'Well do I know it,' said the man. 'I was sitting by the bed when he sat up and let a screech out of him; 'The Keys! The Keys!' Then he lay back. When I looked he was dead. God have mercy on him.' 'What time was it?' said Con again. 'Time?' said the man. 'It was top high water. I know, as I went out to the beach and when I came in I looked at the clock—twenty minutes past three.' 'Just the hour I saw him,' said the skipper.

"The wife took down the rosary from behind the clock and we all knelt down. The woman said the words and the beads clicked on the string, 'Holy Mary, Mother of God, protect and save us.'"

As he said the words again, Tom closed his eyes, and when I looked again he was gone.

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